

Pioche Weekly Record.

Official Paper of Lincoln Co.

SOME WHITE HYACINTHS.

Go to my sweet for me, flowers, and repeat for me
All that my heart would cry out over the waste
to her.
Pause in the valley not; on the hill daily not;
Winged with my love and my longing—oh,
haste to her!

Ring your white bells for her—not any knells
for her—
Chimes that are fragrant and rich in their
rarity.
Bid her be true to me, loyal as steel to me;
Bid her have faith in me; bid her have char-
ity.
—Clinton Scollard in Harper's Bazar.

INTERRUPTED.

At about 9 in the evening a man turned
the corner of Madison avenue and Sixty-
third street, walked slowly along the
block, then pausing glanced at a row of
handsome houses which stood in their
seamless, dark and stately, selected the
third, mounted the high steps and au-
thoritatively rang the bell.

It was early spring, the air was soft,
the twilight still, and the sharp clang echoed
for a moment before the door was opened
by a trim waiting maid. The moonlight
revealed to this maid a boyish looking
fellow, who held carefully in both hands
a flowerpot containing a most beautiful
azalea in the full bloom of its pink blossoms.
The maid involuntarily smiled as she
saw the lovely flower, and the smile
was answered by an engaging one from
the young man.

"Is Mrs. Courtland at home?"
"No, sir."
"Mr. Courtland?"
"No, sir. They are at the theater."
An expression of disappointment crossed
the youth's face, and he hesitated as
if puzzled.

"Won't you step in?"
After an instant's pause the maid did
so, threw a comprehensive glance about
him and said, "I promised to deliver
this plant to Mrs. Courtland herself,
but it's a long way up, and I believe I'll
leave it."

He had one of those pathetic voices in
which there is an unconscious appeal,
and this, together with his frank blue
eyes and pleasant manner, created sym-
pathy for his disappointment in the
maid's heart. So she received the plant
carefully from him and was about to
place it on a hall chair when the man
gently interposed, "Excuse me; I'd rather
you'd put it in a safer place."
"Surely," and as the plant was heavy
the maid went slowly down the long
hall, turning her back completely. The
man dropped a card on the chair, pushed
the door to with a loud slam, and with
astonishing agility and lightness sprang
up the staircase, disappearing before her
return.

"Well, he might have waited," she mut-
tered, throwing the card into the silver
salver, and the man, who paused in the
hall above, heard her descend into the
basement.

He smiled, listened, stepped into the
dimly lighted library, passed through
two dressing rooms into the bedroom
beyond, turned up the gas slightly, and
with a lightning glance took in the apart-
ment and its appointments. As he had
calculated, the room was prepared for
the night, so he ran little chance of
being disturbed.

He touched nothing until he caught
sight of a gray coat thrown carelessly
over a chair. This he seized, thrust his
hand into the inside pocket and drew
forth with evident satisfaction a letter,
which, hastily examining, he kept. He
then replaced the coat with precision,
lowered the light, listened intently and
prepared to descend, when the click of a
night key was heard in the lock.

The owners of the house had returned.
A pause. Footsteps on the stairs.
Double portieres dropped the doors. He
slipped between them.

Mrs. Courtland entered, turned up the
light and with negligent grace threw off
a long opera wrap, revealing that she
was a beautiful woman in full evening
dress, tall, slight, blond. For a full
minute she gazed at herself reflected in
the cheval glass, then disconcerted at
down before it and commenced unclasping
the ornaments from dress and hair
and arms.

A well built man with a plain face and
fine carriage entered and stood silently
regarding her.

"Tired, Gertrude?" Mr. Courtland
asked kindly.

"No."

"Sick?"

"No."

"What then?"

"Bored; so bored."

"Why not have gone to the opera?"

"I have heard 'Lohengrin' until I
hate it."

"Gertrude," tenderly, "you are not
unhappy? You love me?"

"Yes," indifferently.

"Then what troubles you?"

"Nothing. Everything is so tedious.
I am weary of people, weary of clothes,
weary of myself."

"And weary of me?"

His wife did not answer, perhaps did
not hear.

Mr. Courtland pondered intently, look-
ing at her curiously as she unwound a
long scarf from her throat. Suddenly he
crossed the room, and taking up the gray
coat put his hand into one of the pockets.

"Where is this letter?"

"What letter?" asked his wife, startled
by the sharp tone of his voice.

"The letter I left in the pocket of this
coat."

The man behind the portieres started.

"I saw no letter," replied Mrs. Court-
land, rising.

"You have stolen it!" his voice increas-
ing in harshness as with mechanical
courtesy he handed her the scarf she let
fall.

"Richard!"

"Stolen it, I say!"

He was a powerful man. His brow
grew heavy, his dark eyes glowed, his
hands trembled, he looked brutal, and as
he strode up to his wife the woman
shrank.

"Richard, what is it? Why are you so
angry?"

The man concealed became intensely
interested.

Mr. Courtland, seeing his wife's arms,
led her down before him.
"Give it up," he spoke thickly.
"Richard, I swear I do not understand
you."
"Give it up," he reiterated.
"Heaven help me! He will kill me!"—
for her husband suddenly made a men-
acing movement, as though to seize her
throat.

"Stop!" And with excitement the man
burst out from behind the portieres.
The three attentized in amazed sil-
ence.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Courtland.
The man hesitated, then answered sim-
ply, "Jonas Crane."
"Oh!" cried Mrs. Courtland, "take care,
He may be armed."

The young man smiled. "I should
think, ma'am," he said quietly, "you'd
be more afraid of him than me. If I
hadn't 'a' thought he'd hurt you, I'd never
given myself away."

Mrs. Courtland looked bewildered. In
her surprise she had forgotten her hus-
band's anger.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.
"Well," he replied respectfully, "I'd
as lief not say."

"Yes, but you must say. You are not
a thief?"

"No'm."

"Well, then, what?" asked Mr. Court-
land.

"Well, sir," said the youth cheerfully,
"I work for Boyton"—naming a swell
tailor—"and before he sent your suit
home he wore it courtin his lady friend
and left a letter in it. It was not the
kind of a letter," looking down modestly,
"for others to see, and I undertook to
get it without lettin you know he'd wore
your clothes, but I got rattled when you
seemed so mad. The letter wasn't any
use to you, was it?"

"Yes, Richard, what made you so
angry?"

"Gertrude," answered her husband,
"I expected to find no letter. I was giv-
ing a lesson in realism. It was a pre-
tense—a little bit of acting to cure my
wife's ennui."

"Then you was actin, sir," said Jonas
doubtfully. "I'm thinkin I'll be for our
mutual advantage to say nothin of all
this. Good evening, ma'am," and with
a polite bow Jonas Crane walked
down stairs, and they heard him shut
the front door softly behind him.

"Well, Gertrude," said Mr. Courtland
hopefully, "was the end of your evening
successful? If it pleases you, tomorrow
I'll try something in the comic line—do
a little dance, dally with the scenic or
dip into melodrama."

His wife, rousing herself, gave a re-
gretful sigh.

"It was very interesting, Richard,
very, but"—looking up to him with a
shadow in the lovely eyes—"I wish I had
read that letter."—Anne Nettleton in
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bacteria in Tobacco.

There seems to be no end to the dis-
coveries that await us concerning bac-
teria, and the relations of those micro-
scopic organisms to the well being of
man. Who would ever have thought
that the peculiar flavors which charac-
terize different kinds or brands of tobacco
are due to the presence of bacteria? Yet
that is the conclusion to which in-
vestigations by a German botanist lead.

In curing tobacco, or preparing the
raw, green leaf for use, a fermentative
process called sweating is gone through
with.

It has been supposed that the chemical
changes induced by this process were the
source of the peculiar qualities possessed
by the cured tobacco. But, according to
Suchland's experiments, it appears that
micro-organisms may be the real cause
of the changes.

He has examined tobacco from all
parts of the world which had been cured
and has found in it an abundance of mi-
cro-organisms, and upon cultivating the
bacteria from a particular kind of tobacco
and then inoculating another kind with
this culture he has produced in it the
taste and aroma of the original.

This discovery has led to the sugges-
tion that the quality of tobacco grown
in any country may be improved by sim-
ply inoculating it with bacteria from
some finer flavored leaf growing else-
where. Wines have already been im-
proved by a similar process.—Youth's
Companion.

Trouble With a Sword.

A Lewiston young man who was in
Portland Saturday night found some
antique Turkish swords in a window
on Congress street, and having a love
for art bought one for ornamental
purposes and asked that the clerk do it
up in paper. Before he had gone half a
block the paper came off. The young
man was waiting for the Boston boat to
start. He carried the sword about the
streets till people began to comment
upon it. Then he hid it under his ulster
and was standing on the corner talking
when it slipped down, striking on his toe
with the sharp point. He picked it up
again and hid it under his coat.

When he got into the theater, he was
about to be seated when he thought of
the sword under his coat. He could not
sit down until that sword came out, so
unbuttoning the coat he held the sword
in his lap all the evening. At midnight
when he went on board the boat one of
the officers saw the sword and said, "You
may leave your valuables with the pur-
ser."—Bangor Commercial.

Undemocratic France.

As a matter of fact Frenchmen are
about the least democratic people in the
world in their social longings and ideals.
France is politically a republic, but so-
cially it keeps up most of the charac-
teristics of an aristocracy. The difference
between her and America in this respect
is prodigious. In the United States it is
impossible to find a man with a decora-
tion; in France it is difficult to find any-
body without one. In spite of the revolu-
tion titles are still maintained, and the
highest ambition of every bourgeois
would be satisfied if he could marry his
daughter to a nobleman. The insatiable
thirst to put on a uniform of some kind,
no matter what, has often been used as
a reproach against our Gallic friends.—
London Telegraph.

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Union Pacific System

The Great Overland Route.

The SHORTEST LINE

To All Principal Points.

Trains Run as Follows:

Effective Feb. 22, 1903.

SOUTH BOUND. NORTH BOUND.

19:50 p.m. arrive Frisco. Leave 4:30 a.m.

4:30 p.m. arrive Frisco. Leave 4:30 a.m.

12:20 p.m. leave Frisco. Leave 4:30 a.m.

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